

Scallywags

and the

Wham

KABAM

Gran

BOOK 5



Cameron Stelzer

WITH FOUR
EXPLOSIVE
ENDINGS TO
CHOOSE FROM!

Books by Cameron Stelzer

The Scallywags series:

Scallywags and the Troublesome Treasure
Scallywags and the Candy Catastrophe
Scallywags and the Hungry Hairy Sea Monster
Scallywags and the Stormy Secret
Scallywags and the Wham Kabam Gran
Scallywags and the Dessert Island (2021)

The Pie Rats series:

The Forgotten Map
The King's Key
The Island of Destiny
The Trophy of Champions
Child of the Cloud
The Golden Anchor

Drawing books:

How to Sketch Scallywags
How to Create Pie Rats
How to Draw Dragons
How to Create Cool Characters

The Stroogle series:

The Stroogle
The Stroogle's New Home
The Stroogle Warms Winter
The Stroogle Sails the Seven Seas
The Stroogle and the Golden Dragon
The Stroogle in Space

Scallywags

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BOOK 5
EXCERPT

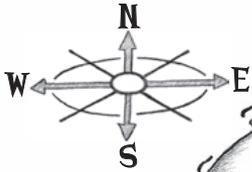


Written and Illustrated by
Cameron Stelzer

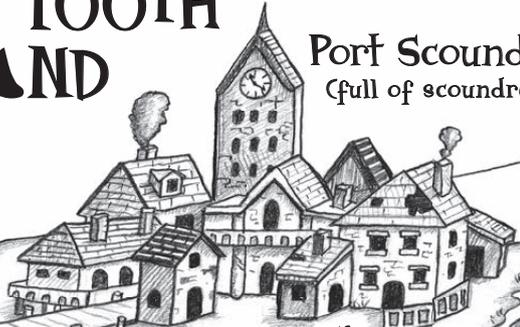
DAYDREAM
PRESS

**WITH FOUR
EXPLOSIVE
ENDINGS TO
CHOOSE FROM!**

SHARK TOOTH ISLAND



Port Scoundrel
(full of scoundrels)



BEWARE!
The Hungry Hairy Sea Monster

Lousy Lighthouse
Just look at all those shipwrecks!



The Bog

Electric Eels



Muddy Puddle Swim School



Flying Fox
whreeeeeeee...

Not-so-welcome Entrance

SEA SHANTY THEATRE

Sky Ship

SOS

Cannon Range

Training Anchor

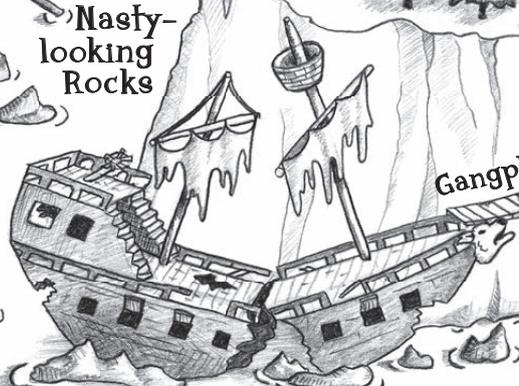
The Dog House for Very Naughty Students

Ye Olde Back Door

Oooh! Scary Cave

More Nasty-looking Rocks

The Howling Queen (HQ)



Craggy Cliffs

Bunny Burrows (chow cute)



*For Grandma Lis,
Nana Marion and Grandma Margaret.
No wrestling experience is required
to enjoy this book.*

As always, a huge thanks to my extended family
for assisting in the creation of this book.
A special mention goes to Olivia for her design ideas
and to Linden for his role as junior editor.

First published by Daydream Press, Brisbane, Australia, 2020
Text and illustrations copyright © Dr Cameron Stelzer 2020
Illustrations are graphite pencil and pen on paper
Sallywags and the Wham Kabam Gran: Scallywags Book 5
ISBN: 978 0 6482804 4 6 (pbk.)

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National Library of Australia

This is an official product of Pirate Xtreme Wrestling.
The rest are phonies.



She's stronger than a grizzly bear.

 *She's not your average nan.*

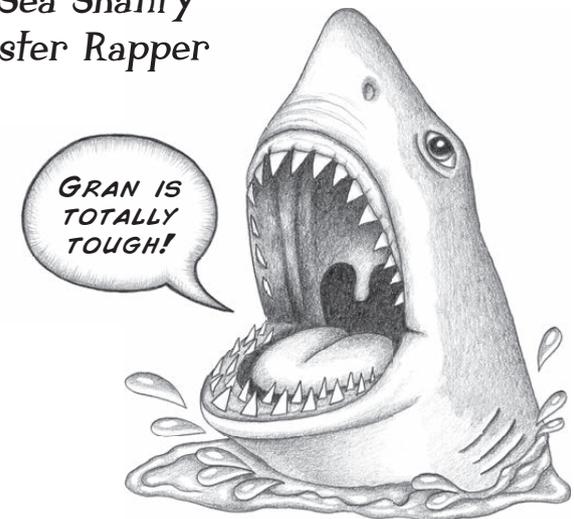
*With courage like a lion,
she's the **Wham KABAM Gran!***

*She's tougher than a great white shark
(of which I am a fan).*

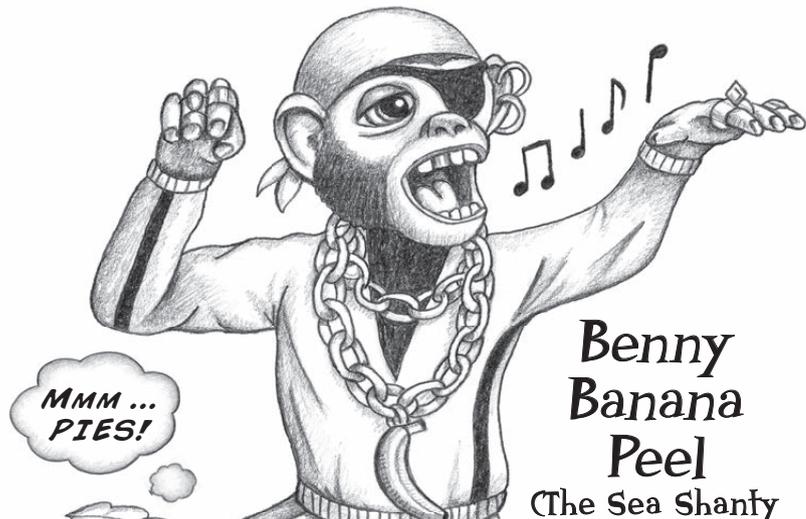
She's faster than a falcon.

*She's the **Wham KABAM Gran!***

BENNY BANANA PEEL
The Sea Shanty
Gangster Rapper



Meet the Heroes



**Benny
Banana
Peel**
(The Sea Shanty
Gangster Rapper)
CHIMP-AT-SEA

MMM ...
PIES!



**Hook Hand
Horace**
PIE RAT



Sir Squawk-a-lot
GUARDIAN OF THE GANGPLANK



**Mischief
McScruff**
SEA DOG

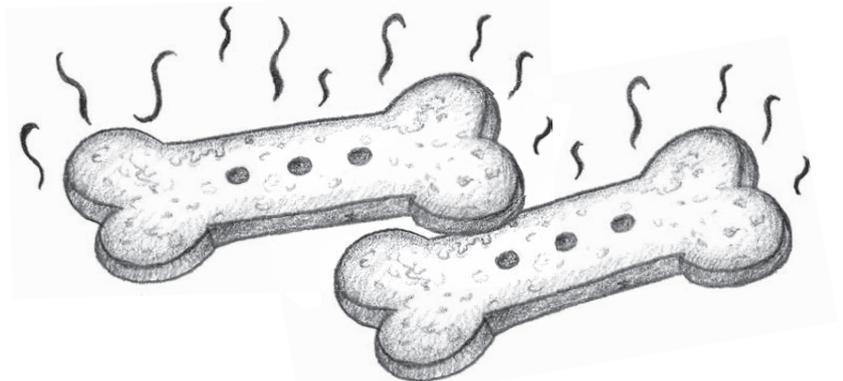


**Felicity 'Flick'
Foulweather**
CAT FISH



My Amazing Gran

I love my gran. Truly I do.
She is sweet and kind and smells like
freshly-baked dog biscuits.



Mmm, delicious ...



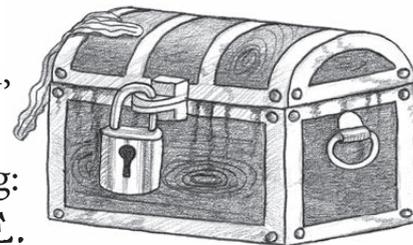


Gran always has time to listen to my problems, even if the list is a **MILE LONG.**

She never has fleas and she only barks at strangers when they look suspicious – or if they smell like cats.

I mean, what's *not* to love about her?

I really shouldn't be saying this aloud. Not as a student of the School of Scallywags. Students at SOS are expected to behave like tough, heartless pirates. And tough, heartless pirates only love one thing: **TREASURE.**



I should be saying:

**'ARRR ME HEARTIES!
TREASURE BE ME LIFE!'**

Well, phooey to that kind of talk! In my opinion, freshly-baked dog biscuits are the best treasure of all.



Not only does Gran bake the tastiest biscuits, but she also teaches me lots of useful things. Like removing pawprint stains from fabric without harsh scrubbing, and how to *fold* a newspaper pirate hat, so that it always sits straight on my head.

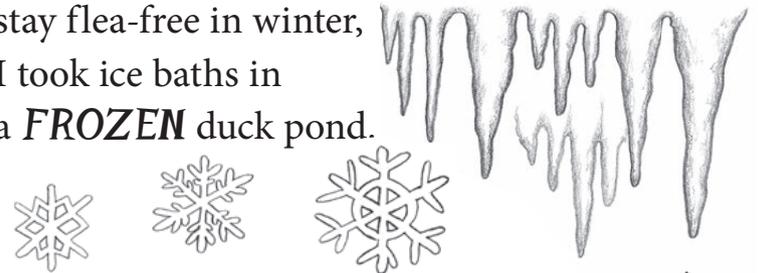
Real life skills.

Gran is no softie, either. You should hear some of her stories about growing up in **PREHISTORIC** times. She certainly did it tough. Compared to Gran, the pirates of today are softer than first class passengers on a cruise ship.

‘When I was young,’ Gran once told me, ‘I had to chop firewood with my teeth, then eat the woodchips for supper.’

‘Eeeyeeew, splintery!’ I said with a shudder.

‘And that’s not all,’ Gran continued. ‘To stay flea-free in winter, I took ice baths in a **FROZEN** duck pond.’



In summer, I had to swim through **CROC-infested** floodwaters to reach school.'

'You must have been a very good swimmer,' I said with a whistle.

'I was the **BEST** dog-paddler this side of the equator,' Gran said proudly. 'The cros didn't have a hope of catching me. Not that my talent brought me fame and fortune, mind you. I was so poor, I once chewed on the same bone for six weeks straight before I found a mouldy dog biscuit to eat.



'Oh, and did I mention the toilets didn't flush?'

'I, err ... think you told me on my last visit,' I said, trying not to sound rude.

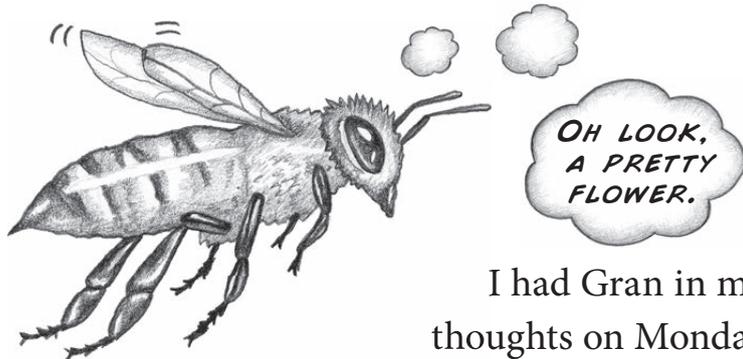
Gran simply yawned and leaned back in her rocking chair. 'That's nice, dear, I do love our little visits.' Then she ruffled my hair, offered me another biscuit and fell asleep. Gran often fell asleep in her rocking chair, but I didn't mind. It gave me more time to eat her delicious biscuits.

Call it a **fasty intermission**.



I would wait until she woke up, and then ask to hear another one of her adventure stories.

My favourite story was the time she **WRESTLED A BEAR**, while climbing a **THREE-HUNDRED-METRE CLIFF** and at the same time fighting off a swarm of **KILLER WASPS**. Although the killer wasps may have been **HONEY BEES**. Gran had a habit of forgetting fine details.



I had Gran in my thoughts on Monday morning when disaster struck. It all started when a pair of my underpants were discovered at the top of the SOS flagpole. When I say *discovered* I don't mean a passing student spotted them

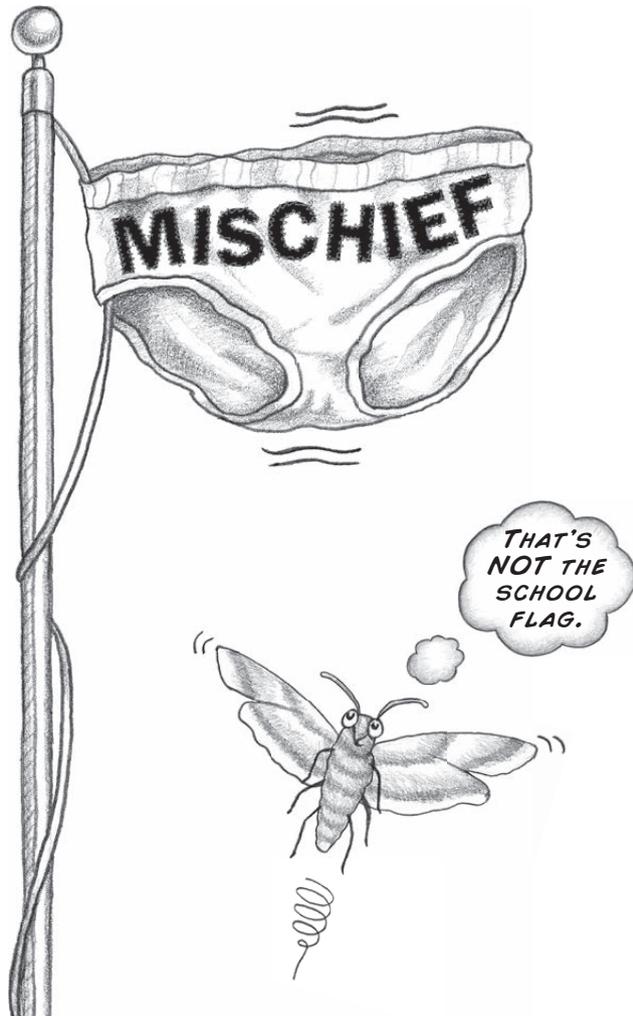
and had a little chuckle. I mean Headmaster von Ironheart found them flapping in the wind and started **YELLING** my name at the top of his lungs.



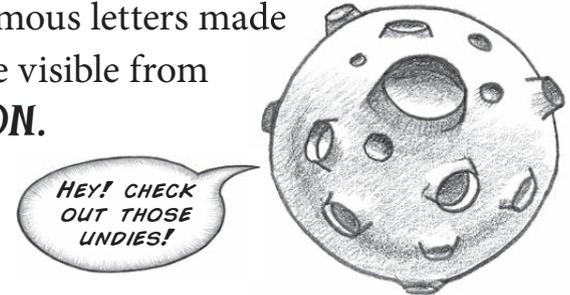
For a moment I wondered how the headmaster knew they were *my* underpants.

Then I remembered Gran had stitched my name across the front in **HUGE, BLACK LETTERS.**

Bless her soul.



There was no chance I would ever lose my underwear in the washing basket, but the enormous letters made my name visible from the **MOON.**



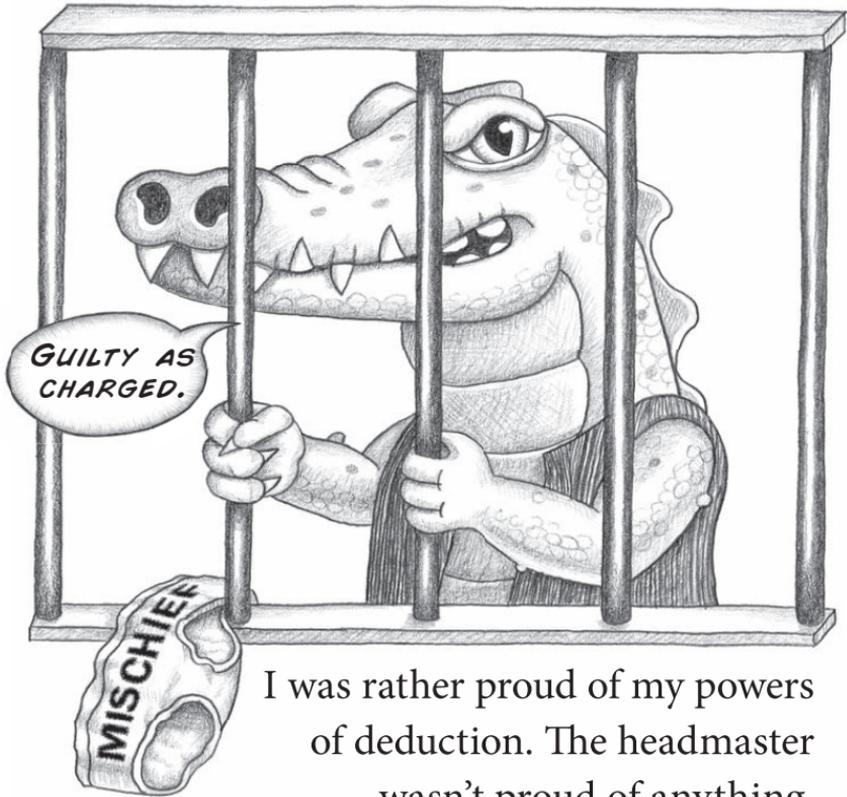
'MY OFFICE, NOW, MCSCRUFF!' the headmaster boomed. 'And get those filthy knickers down at once!'

I tried to point out that I wore *underpants*, not *knickers*, and that they were freshly cleaned and flea-free.

When the headmaster gave me a blank look, I told him that Chomper O'Many had most certainly stolen my underpants from the laundry room, before running them up the flagpole as payback for the time my gran swam faster than his gran through croc-infested floodwaters.

CASE CLOSED.

HOW THINGS SHOULD HAVE BEEN...



I was rather proud of my powers of deduction. The headmaster wasn't proud of anything.

As usual, he *didn't* understand half my story, and the half he *did* understand, he *didn't* believe.

I was put on laundry duty for the entire morning as punishment for someone else's crime.